

HYMN XII.

To ^ her Picture,

E XTREME was his audacity,
L ittle his skill, that finished thee!
I am ashamed and sorry,
S o dull her counterfeit
should be ; A nd She, so full of
glory!

B ut here are colours, red and
white; E ach line, and each
proportion right: T hese lines,
this red and whiteness, H ave
wanting yet a life and light, A
majesty and brightness. R ude
counterfeit! I then did err; E
ven now, when I would needs
infer G reat boldness in thy
maker! I did mistake! He was
not bold, N or durst his eyes,
her eyes behold : A nd this made
him mistake her,

HYMN XIII.

Of her Mind.

E ARTH, now adieu ! My ravished
thought
L ifted to heaven, sets thee at nought!
I nfinite is my longing,
S ecrets of angels to be taught,
A nd things to heaven belonging!
B rought down from heaven, of
angels* kind, E ven now, do I admire
her Mind 'T his is my
contemplation !
H er clear sweet Spirit, which is
refined A bove human creation !
R ich sunbeam of th* Eternal
Light! E xcellent Soul! How
shall I write ? G ood angels
make me able ! I cannot see
but by your eye ; N or but by
your tongue, signify A thing so
admirable.